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SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

THE LITTLE LEDGER

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE, ROMANCE, AMUSEMENTS, ETC. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

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THE CRUISE OF THE MERRY-GO-ANN.

By MARIAN BREWSTER.

Author of "The Pilot of the Jolly Nancy," Etc, Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

A STUBBORN CROW.

Had Frank known it he need not have given a thought of concern to Fan, but spent his sympathy all on himself, who certainly needed it on that bleak, barren bit of sand in the midst of the river, without a crumb of food or a spark of fire to cheer him.

As for Fan, she snoozed away under the gray blanket all the afternoon and all the night, until the earth had turned her half way over and the sun burst forth in another glorious morning.

Of course she was surprised to see that Frank and the Merry-Go-Ann were gone, but she was so refreshed and amiable and serene after her long sleep that nothing under that splendid sun could have disturbed her.

When she spied the chip which Frank had attached to the crow's neck and had read the message, she laughed so long and so loudly that the crow squacked and the cat squalled and all the little birds in the trees ceased their matin song to listen to the strange chorus.

"Of course," she remarked to the crow and the cat, "of course he would get into trouble if he went off without me. What's a boy good for without a girl to pick up after him and remind him of things? It serves him right to get stuck on that island, and I hope he will get awfully lonesome for me before I get there."

Now Fan's idea of an island was that of the "Squirrel's Inn." If she knew that Frank had been starving and freezing all night, she would have bestirred herself and hastened to the rescue.

Believing, on the contrary, that he was as comfortably lodged as they had been on the first island, she took her time.

Leisurely she fed herself, the kitten and crow, and filled her pack, since she could not carry everything, with biscuit and coffee, the tin cup, a ball of twine and some matches.

Having securely tied up the mouths of the grub sack and the all-sorts-of-things sack, she dragged them a little higher on the bank and covered them with leaves. Then, shouldering the oars with a groan, she started off down the river bank accompanied by the kitten and crow.

The oars were so heavy and the way so long, and she was so stiff from lying fifteen hours on the hard ground, that she was obliged to sit down many times to rest, so it was nearly noon before she came opposite the narrow strip of land where Frank and the Merry-Go-Ann were stranded.

Even then she might not have discovered him had it not been for the crow.

The crow, whom the kitten had led a merry chase with her pranks, scampering up one tree and down another, hiding under the drifts of rustling leaves, or whisking with waving tail along the low river bank, the worried old crow in the trees saw the island first, and having in mind the indignity that he had suffered there at the hands of the rude boy, he sent a salute of mocking caws across the water.

Frank, however, lying face downward on the sand did not hear the faint call, and Fan, seeing only a line of yellow sand far across the river, flowing so straight and wide before her, was by no means sure that it was the island.

"Caw, caw, caw!" the crow had continued to scream, louder and louder as they approached the scene of his struggle the previous evening, and finally Frank heard him and, jumping to his feet, shouted a glad reply.

"Hi, hi, hi!" Fan shrilled across the water, waving her hand, but it is doubtful if the faint cry ever floated across that wide, flowing stream to Frank's ears. However, he knew that she was there, for he ran about and waved his hands and shouted many things that Fan could not understand.

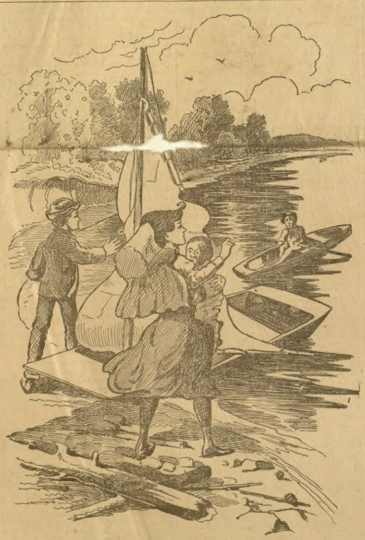
How far away he was to be sure! How under the sun was she ever to get him off? Of what earthly use had it been to tug those heavy oars all the long way?

Fan threw the back-breaking oars down with a thump of disgust, and stood staring hopelessly across the wide waters at Frank, as he stood looking at her.

"Caw, caw, caw!" The cry came faintly across the waters from the island.

"Caw, caw, caw!"

The crow, who was standing on an oar beside the round kitten, stretched out his long neck and listened.



"Wait! Wait! You forgot the baby!"

"Caw, caw, caw!" came the call.

The crow fluttered his black wings uncertainly, cawed once, cocked his eye down at the kitten, and settled down beside her.

"Caw, caw, caw," again the faint call.

This was more than the crow could bear. He opened his beak and belched forth a series of caws that caused the kitten to arch its back and to hiss in remonstrance.

The crow waited for another call, pluming his wings, the while for flight.

"I wish that I had the wings of a crow," sighed Fan, watching him, enviously. Then she cried out:

What a goose I am! Here, wait!" she caught the crow by the leg, and he, feeling the kitten's eyes upon him, submitted to captivity with better grace than he had the night before in Frank's hands.

Fan took out the large ball of twine, which she had put into her pack, and proceeded to tie an end around the crow's leg.

"I know that I wanted that for something," she said. "Now I have found out for what."

The stout string being secured, she gave the crow a push. But the contrary bird had changed his mind about crossing the water, and stopping the impetus of her push with two or three heavy flops on the ground, he stalked calmly back and took his stand beside the kitten.

"Caw, caw, caw!" again, and again, and again came the eager cry across the river, but the old crow had all at once become very deaf and sleepy. Slowly he settled down beside the kitten, drew in his head and closed his eyes.

Fan watched him in disgust, but decided to let him alone for a time.

"Perhaps the old thing will take a notion to start again if I don't notice him," she reasoned.

While the perverse crow was pretending to sleep she made preparation for his flight by unwinding the ball of cord. She was sure there would be enough to reach to the island, and when Frank should have one end she would tie the oars to the other, and if she should set them afloat a little up stream she felt quite sure that he could easily pull them in to the island as they floated down.

This was an excellent plan if only the crow would do his part. But the wily old bird kept his head hidden and chuckled to himself under his wing.

She grew tired of waiting. The voice across the river was becoming hoarser and fainter with each cry. She was afraid Frank would give up in despair. Now that she could see the bare ground, she knew how hungry he must be.

She silly snatched the kitten and hid it under her dress, then she lifted the end of oar upon which the crow was perching, and gave it a vigorous shake. The astonished bird tumbled off and cawed angrily.

At this the cry across the river arose again with renewed force.

The kitten was gone, Fan was a plague, and the crow, after a moment of consideration, decided to fly away and see what that friendly voice from afar might mean. Accordingly he rose on his wings and started across the water, carrying the dangling cord with him.

Fan, overjoyed, jumped up to regulate the cord, and the kitten, summarily dropped, scurried up into a tree.

Fan dealt out the cord hand over hand, watching the crow fly higher and higher, farther and farther away from her and nearer and nearer to Frank. The boy continued to call and the bird, responding, concontinue to advace until it was half way across the river. But then, to the dismay of boy and girl, it faltered, wheeled about and began to wing its way back to the shore that it had left.

"Caw, caw, caw!" called Frank, anxiously, crouching to the ground.

"Shew, shew, shew!" hissed Fan, waving her arms.

But the bird notice neither the one nor the other. It flew straight back, and seeing the bright eyes of the kitten shining from the tree, it swooped down, and with a flutter and a flop, settled on the branch beside her.

"You mean old thing!" exclaimed Fan, giving the cord a twitch that nearly unbalanced the ungrateful bird.

He almost swept the dazed kitten to the ground with the desperate flopping of his wings, as he tried to maintain his position. When he had settled again, he tipped his head and examined the impertinent string with his round, inquiring eye. Having satisfied himself that it was the cause of his mishap, he forthwith took it in his sharp beak, and, after a little struggle, contrived to snap it in two, leaving only enough hanging to his leg to amuse the kitten, who clawed and pawed at it in a very cunning fashion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PICKANINNY.

Fan sat, mute and dispairing, on the ground below, Frank, away across yonder on that desert bit of sand, was as silent and doleful as she, and almost fainting with hunger. He had about made up his mind that he might as well cast himself adrift in the Merry-Go-Ann and trust to luck to bring him ashore and to Fan, that to do so, was better than to sit and starve to death when he was roused by a voice up the river.

Fan heard the welcome sound at the same time, and sprang to her feet.

There was a boat, and there was a man, and the man was singing a jolly tune:

"Whar yo' sailin' to, oh, say?
I'se a-floatin' down to de bay.
Ef yo' gets there before I does,
An' year de saw-mill sayin' 'buzz,'
Dess yo' stop an' tell de boss
I'se los' my mule an' my one-eyed hoss,
So I'se floatin' down de stream
Lookin' fo' grub an' a two-hoss team.

"When I finds dat two-hoss team
I'se gwine t' wo'k like I'se run by steam,
Co'n an' bacon, I'll buy at de sto',
An' won't go stealin' about——hello!"

The last word was not a part of the song, but was rolled forth in astonishment as the man in the boat, turning around to see that the stream was clear, saw the children on the opposite banks, each waving a signal of distress.

He stared first at one and then at the other; then, evidently deciding that the boy in the middle of the river was in greater need of him, he turned his boat and made for the island.

Fan was satisfied with this decision and was settling down to wait; when it occurred to her that she might as well build a fire and have some coffeee ready for her brother when he should land. No sooner thought of than done.

The man and Frank in the boat with the Merry-Go-Ann in tow, came slowly across the river, the prow of the boat pointed up stream at such an angle that they came to land exactly were Fan was awaiting them.

"I say, that coffee smells good!" cried Frank, springing ashore as soon as the keel touched sand.

"Hit do so," said the man, following him and pulling the boats up on the bank.

He was a negro man, as smooth and black as ebony, with big white-rimmed eyes that saw everything at once, and with a big thick-lipped mouth that was always agrin. Fan was frightened by the rolling eyes, but the good-natured expression of the mouth reassured her.

"I'm awfully obliged to you," she said, for bringing my brother back to me. Won't you come and have some coffee?"

"Tank yo', li'l miss. I'se got er cup, an' ef yo' ken spare me a drop, I ain't gwine to say no. Ole Jim's right fond of hot coffee."

He carried the coffee back to his boat and seemed to spread a feast for himself. Whatever he had seemed to tickle his palate very agreeably, for he chuckled and shook with suppressed mirth and finally he laughed outright.

"You seem to have something awfully good over there," called Frank between two ravenous mouthfuls of biscuit.

"Dat's de truf, I hab so. De good Lor's done provided right handsome for ole Pete. De Lor' he dun drap de blessin' an' dis ole darkey he done pick hit up. Yo' all ken hab a share, I reckon."

Moved with curiosity Frank and Fan got up and started toward the darky's boat, but old Pete, waving his hands earnestly, pressed them to keep their seats.

"Set right still," he urged. "Ole Pete's gwine to wait on yo lak white folks. Set right still."

So the children sat still and munched their biscuits and drank their coffee until old Pete came, bowing and scraping, to them carrying in his hand a tin plate heaped high with doughnuts and dumplings.

The hungry children accepted the offer with thanks and the old darky returned to his boat grinning from ear to ear with delight.

Pretty soon the crow, who had been peering down from his perch above, flopped to the ground, and, strutting over toward the stranger, hopped upon the edge of his boat and began to talk.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed the negro, who seemed to have a perfect understanding of crow language. "How did dis yer ole crow know dat de Lor' done sent him a present ob corn? But de Lor' doan forgit de crow any more'n he forgit de sparrer. Yes, bre'r crow, take yo' co'n," and with a gleeful chuckle, he poured out a handful of corn on the ground.

Now, at first sight, the doughnuts and the dumplings had a strangely familiar look to Fan's observing eyes, and the more she ate of them the more positive she was that she had tasted others exactly like them.

"Aren't these precisely like the widow woman's?" she whispered, nudging Frank and pointing to the plate.

"Something," responded Frank, who was too hungry to think of anything.

"Ask him where he got them," urged Fan.

"What do you take me for?" said Frank. "Where he got them from is none of our business."

"Perhaps not," conceded Fan, but she kept her eyes fixed suspiciously upon the negro man.

"Caw, caw, caw! See, see, see?"

The crow, having finished eating his corn, had hopped up again on the side of the boat where he was fluttering his wings and craning his neck in the greatest excitement over something he had found in the bottom of the boat.

"Coo, coo!" gurgled a soft voice.

"What's that?" cried Fan, starting up.

"Sit still," said Frank, clutching her dress and pulling her down. "That's only a baby."

"A baby!" screamed Fan.

At this moment a little black hand was waved above the edge of the negro's boat, and, jerking her dress free from Frank's clasp, Fan rushed forward.

"Why, you cunning little thing!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in delight as she peered into the boat and saw the tiniest, blackest, brightest-eyed little dot of humanity that ever laid on a red blanket and crowed.

"Where did you get it?" she demanded of the man.

The negro, anxious to keep her attention fixed on the crowing baby so that she would not notice his "present from the Lor'," which was spread out in the other end of the boat, turned around, keeping himself puffed out as wide as possible.

"Dat li'l pickaninny, miss," he replied with a grin, "I done got from my* sister's husband's bruder-in-law. My sister's husband's bruder-in-law's wife done died, an' I'se takin' bit 'long in my boat down stream fo' sis' Ginny to raise."

"It's a little black beauty!" exclaimed Fan, admiringly. "Isn't it, Frank?"

But Frank, who had not been able to withstand the temptation to follow her, had no eyes for the pickaninny, he was staring at the display of good things on the other side of the negro.

"See here," he exclaimed, "what is this?"

"What?" demanded Fan, peering around to see. "Why, those are the very things that the widow woman gave—that we got from the widow woman, and that I left all covered up with leaves on the river bank."

"Dese yer t'ings," said the big negro, blandly, "is my present from de Lor'. He done drap dem down, and I pick dem up, an' dey belong's to me."

"No they don't. They belong to us," said Frank, raising his voice threateningly.

"So! Yo' des prove dat's de truf, an' I'se gwine to gib der t'ings up. Whar yo' all git dem fine t'ings?"

"Why, from the widow woman," cried Fan. "Of course they are ours."

"I done tole yo' dat I git dese t'ings from de Lor', so ob course dey , belongs to me," said the negro, solemnly.

"Oh, get out!" exclaimed Frank, impatiently. "We're not green."

"No, yo' all is white folks," grinned the negro.

"Well, give us our things then," said Frank, making a motion toward the half-empty sacks.

The negro put out a powerful arm, and drew his face into a most frightful scowl. "Stay where yo' is," he commanded. "We gwine settle dis mattah like folks dat God made. Now, yo' says dat de widder woman done mek yo' a present ob dese yere t'ings, hey?"

"Well, not—not that exactly," stammered Frank. "We did'nt say that she made us a present——"

"Doan say dat yo' done stole dem!" exclaimed the darky, throwing up his hands and rolling his eyes, as if greatly scandalized by the thought.

"I don't mean to say any such thing'" said Frank, angrily, but turning very red with embarrassment.

The negro looked at the two shame-faced children a moment and then began to roll with amusement.

"I ain't gwine to question yo' all too sharp. I says dat I gets dem from de Lor', yo' says dat yo gits dem from de widder woman. Now I ain't gwine dispute yo', an' you ain't gwine dispute me. We's gwine to settle right square. Yo' take half an' I take half."

"You can have some of the things, but they are all ours, just the same," said Frank, sullenly.

Again the negro drew his face into the frightful scowl.

"Hit's part ob de bargain not to dispute," he said, lifting a warning finger. Then his face relaxed to a cheerful grin and he turned to Fan.

"Yes, li'l miss, yo' take dis yer pickaninny an' let it roll in de san' whilst we par off de t'ings."

Fan took the bright-eyed little baby in her arms, and the division began.

This was fairly and squarely accomplished, doughnut for doughnut, biscuit for biscuit, sack for sack, the negro smiling and talkative all the time, Frank angry and silent.

At last, when all was done, while Frank was still standing glum beside his pile on the bank, trying to concoct some plan by which he could outwit the smiling [illegible] the wily negro packed his sack, and, with an ungxpected movement gave his boat a strong push out into the water.

"Wait! wait!" screamed Fan. "You forget the baby."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed the negro. "Does yo' speck I'se gwine forgit dat pickaninny? I'se comin' back fo' dat li'l baby, I is so. Doan' yo' go to fret yo'self 'bout dat chile, li'l miss," and away he went, bending lustily to the oars.

"Well," said Frank, "wev'e got a nice thing on our hands now."

(To be continued next week.)

Our Friends the Animals.

If you have a nervous dog, be gentle with it. I had an enormous Newfoundland once, whose terror in a thunder storm was almost ridiculous. He would run hurriedly in from the garden at the first roll of thunder, and hide his head in the folds of the maid's skirts, trembling and terrified. This dog had, I fear, been ill-treated at some former period of its life; for it showed a great alarm and dislike to all men, growling in a threatening manner when a man came near. With women and children it was gentleness itself.

One day a young Oxford student paid us a visit, and hearing of this peculiarity of Sultan's, he dressed himself up in a bonnet with a horse rug wrapped round him as a skirt. In this disuise Sultan approached him confidently, and allowed himself to be stroked. Then, without any warning our young friend shook off his skirt and snatched off his bonnet, when, without a second's hesitation, Sultan sprang upon him, and left the mark of teeth in his forehead. What further damage he might have done we do not know; luckily there was a lady in the room, who collared Sultan and led him away.

It is to the credit of the Oxonian that he would not allow the dog to be either scolded or punished.

"It was my fault," he said. "I knew the dog's peculiarity, and I played the trick on him. Scold me, if you want to scold any one."

If your dog requires a scolding for any fault, do it gravely, and don't laugh one minute and scold the next, or you will puzzle him, the unkindest thing you can do to a poor dog. Be gentle, but also be firm; your dog will not love you the less for a chiding now and then if it is deserved.

Taking No Chances.

First Boy (skating)—It's 'most dinner time.

Second Boy—It won't do for us to eat anything.

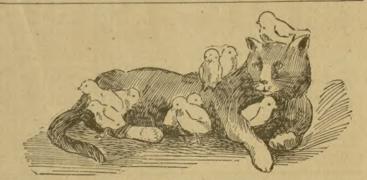
"Why not?"

"This thin ice is crackin' all the time, and if we weighed any heavier we'd go through. I promised mamma I wouldn't take any chances, and I won't."

This Cat Likes Chicks.

A German correspondent of the New York Press forwards the picture of a contented-looking pussy who adopted, in lieu of her own kittens that were taken away from her and drowned, a flock of baby ducks and afterward a baker's dozen of chickens. The cat is an inmate of the mill in Ebenretter, near Hildburghausen. She has been bringing up chickens and ducks for several seasons in succession, and seems to like the business. The first time she undertook motherly duties toward members of the poultry family, she went boldly to a chick-coop, drove away the hen and laid down in the basket, depositing the chicks all around her. The chicks grew up and waxed fat by the animal warmth furnished by their foster mother and the strengthening food she procured for them.

The next time pussy had kittens of her own, she left them on the second day, went to the poultry house and stole three baby ducks, to which she extended the same privileges as to her own young ones. In addition to these, she brought in, a few days afterward, from the garden, a young sparrow, which she had taken from its nest. The sparrow soon outgrew the care of the pussy mother and flew away, but the ducks and kittens are still great friends.



The cat as stepmother to chickens.

A Circus School.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder how the small boys and girls who go around with the country circuses from one town to another learn to read and write? They don't stay long enough in any one place to go to school, and their parents usually have no time or inclination to teach, even if they knew how, which is very doubtful.

A quick-witted Frenchwoman has solved the difficulty by taking the school into the circus, and traveling around as a part of the show. Whenever the show comes to a halt, there they put up, along with the big, round tents and booths, her school house, which is merely a piece of canvas drawn over a light wooden frame. A floor, which can be taken to pieces at will, is laid right on the ground. Two long tables, with holes for inkstands, rest on trestles, and the benches beside them are equally primitive. Then there is a kitchen cupboard, where the books and slates are stored, and at one [illegible] hangs a blackboard with great white capitals painted on it. Not very luxurious, is it, compared with the well-fitted school rooms the most of us know? There are no rules in this school against looking out of the window, for there are no windows to look out of. The only light comes gentle, pervasive, through the canvas. And when you wish to come in or go out, you raise one corner of the curtain, and have no door to slam. Here the small peanut vender and embryo rope-dancer learn to read and write and cipher.

The school has been in existence about three years, and is partly paid for by the parents of the children and partly by a mission.

From spring until autumn, when the bad weather puts an end to the traveling circuses, the little circus leads its nomad life. About November the tent is folded away, and through the winter "school keeps" in an old, disused caravan with a glass roof and a tiny stove.

Feather Bearers.

The wings of the owl are lined with a soft down that enables the bird to fly without making the slightest sound, a very important matter to a nocturnal bird of prey.

The albatross has been known to follow a ship for two months without ever being seen to alight in the water or take a moment's rest. It is believed to sleep on the wing.

The wild goose and some other acquatic birds are able to admit air between the skin and the body, and are thus protected against cold by an almost impervious air cushion.

The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs it, too, for he does all his feeding on the wing, and a big mouth is a great convenience.

The use of the carrier pigeon is ancient. Ovid says that Taurosthenes, by sending a pigeon stained purple, gave notice to his father at Aegina of his victory at the Olympic games.

The points of a cross-bill's mandibles do not meet, but cross each other. This peculiarity is of great use to the bird in forcing open pine burrs, on the seeds of which it feeds.

* * *

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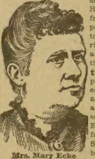

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THE SUN WILL SHINE TO-MORROW.

BY W. E. STEELE.

'Tis blowing very hard today,
But the sun will shine tomorrow;
So let's take heart as best we may,
And no more trouble borrow.

Old Boreas whistles loud and fierce,
And leaves fly helter skelter;
The cows and sheep the cold winds pierce,
And birds in nests seek shelter.

Pile on the wood and let's be gay,
'Tis not a time for sorrow;
Though hours of gloom may come today,
The sun will shine tomorrow.

TWO RED SHOES.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

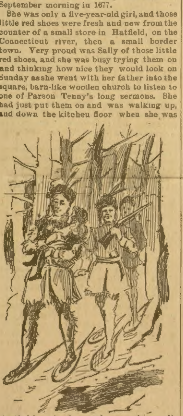
Two hundred years ago, if you had been alive, you might have seen her and talked with her, this little girl, who was a baby in those distant years of the seventeenth century, when Milton was writing those stately cantos of the "Paradise Lost," and King Philip and his Indians were making so much trouble for our great-grandfathers on the New England frontiers.

How curious she would look to us now in her quaint old-fashioned dress, made just like her mother's, so that she resembled a little old woman in miniature! Her jacket of white linen was drawn about her waist with a black cord, and met the blue woolen petticoat that had not a flounce or a ruffle on it.

She wore on her head, over her short silky curls, a small, stiff, linen cap, for bangs had not been invented then. A pair of red shoes completed the toilet of this little Puritan maiden, except when she went to church, and then she put on a high-crowned, steeple-shaped hat, and threw a long red cloak over her shoulders.

Very much like this, excepting the hat and cloak, looked little Sally Coleman one September morning in 1677.

She was only a five-year-old girl, and those little red shoes were fresh and new from the counter of a small store in Hatfield, on the Connecticut river, then a small border town. Very proud was Sally of those little red shoes, and she was busy trying them on and thinking how nice they would look on Sunday as she went with her father into the square, barn-like wooden church to listen to one of Parson Tenny's long sermons. She had just put them on and was walking up, and down the kitchen floor when she was startled by a loud war-whoop; and immediately several painted Indians, looking very frightful with their war dress and weapons, rushed in and seized the little lady, red shoes and all, and carried her screaming away.



All in a moment the happy child was made a very sad one. She saw her mother and little sisters killed by the red men, and her home all in flames; and in company with many another captive she was marched into the wilderness.

To Canada, all the way over the frozen lakes and rivers, and the hard, rough ground, a desolate, tedious journey in the cold autumn months, tramped the red shoes. Often Sally's heart must have been despairing and ready to faint by the wayside.

One of her savage captors took pity on her forlorn condition, and did what he could to help her, carrying her on his brawny shoulders when she could not walk farther, making a soft couch of hemlock boughs for her comfort when they camped at night, and selecting for the homesick little girl the juciet steaks from the sides of bear and deer that he killed in hunting.

So the red shoes did not wear out, though they had to be mended more than once with stout deer's sinews.

And glad, you may be sure, was the pioneer John Coleman when the faded, worn shoes crossed his threshold, one bright May morning, having been to Canada and back again. Some good friends of the Colemans had influence enough with the French and the Indians to effect Sally's release, and Count Frontenac, the French Governor, ordered a guard of soldiers to attend the child and her companions back to Hatfield,

And the cunning little shoes, soled with leather from England, bound with silk from Paris, sewed with deer's sinews from the Canadian forests, whose red serge uppers were brought from Holland by way of New Amsterdam, may still be seen, soiled and ragged, one of them in the collection of the old South Church, Boston, the other in the museum of the Memorial Association of Deerfield, Mass.

Just think of it—a pair of shoes more than two hundred years old and with such a history! Would you not like to see them? They are much the oldest pair of shoes in America, and I think they ought to be kept together.

Little Sally grew to be a woman and had children of her own, and I dare say she often told them of the journey those shoes had taken, and of the bitter trials she experienced as a captive among the Indians. Very likely, too, the children thought the shoes quite as wonderful as their mother did, and never tired of hearing the story. I can imagine them on a Sunday night, when all was still and the snow lay white and silent around the pioneer's house, clambering upon their mother's knees and whispering:

"Please tell us about the little red shoes that went to Canada and back."

The little girl that wore them has been dead these long, long years; and, but for those two little red shoes, it is doubtful if Sally Coleman would be remembered today. Certain it is, I should not have had this story to tell, for I should not have thought of it but for seeing the interesting relics during a recent vacation.

Intelligence of Animals.

Billy is the name of a doctor's horse that has always been very well treated. Indeed, he is a member of the family. Whenever he acts sick he is given medicine out of a long-necked bottle. I think he would not be sick if he did not eat so many oats. But one night he was very sick with the colic. In some way he slipped out of his halter, opened the back door of the barn opening on the alley, then opened the gate of the yard and reached the house. He then tapped on the window with his nose until the family were aroused from sleep. The doctor was very glad it was not a burglar, and he gave him some hot drink and made him walk up and down until he was relieved.

Billy is very much like petted children. He does not like to work; so when the ladies drive him out in the afternoon, if he has gone as far as he thinks best, he will begin to turn around, and has to be watched closely to be kept going straight ahead. When he finds he is really on the road for home, he just dances as you have seen horses curvet to music.

A colored man named John used to [illegible] for a very rich family in New [illegible] family was a young lady who had a very large dog; I think it was a St. Bernard. You know they are very intelligent, and in cold countries they are trained to go out and find travelers who are caught in snowstorms. Around their necks is tied a bottle containing brandy. Now, this young lady's dog was smart, too, and he was allowed to come to the table at meal time and stand beside his mistress, who would feed him. He was very fond of her and proud of her attention. After awhile the young lady got a little pug dog, and had a chair placed at the table so he could sit in it and eat when she did. She now began to pay more attention to the little dog than to the big one, and it made him very jealous. One day there was company at dinner, and the little dog had been petted and made to show off, until the big one could stand it no longer. He just walked up to the little one and took it in his mouth, and leaping through an open window, ran to an artificial lake near by and swam to the middle of it, where he held the little one until he was drowned.

There is a picture in one of the magazines of a colored man who was whitewashing his fence, and got tired doing his work. His dog was sitting beside him wagging his tail buisily, and the man thought he might use him. He tied the brush to the dog's tail and turned him around, with his back to the fence, and it was soon whitewashed or that is what the picture said.

A doctor once had a large, tiger-striped cat called Tom, that used to sit up to his table in a high chair and eat his dinner with the doctor. He was so well-behaved that when he died the doctor had him mounted (that means stuffed) and put out in his hall.

The Human Body.

At the time of digestion, the quantity of blood that flows to the stomach is greatly increased, some authorities say to ten fold the usual amount.

The sensitive papillae are most numerous on the palmar surface of the hands and feet, fingers and toes, where they are arranged in double rows.

The three small bones stretched in a chain across the middle ear are named the mallet, the anvil and the stirrup, from real or fancied resemblances.

When a portion of the brain is removed it seems to be renewed, but whether the substance is true brain tissue or not appears to be undetermined.

The hair appears to have a life of its own Many well-authenticated instances are known of the hair of dead bodies increasing in length after interment.

The average height of the men in the Union army in 1863 was 5 feet 7 inches. The natives of this country averaged a greater height than that of any other.

OLD TIME BLIZZARDS

Have Been Raging, Bringing Discomfort, Disease and Death.

Did you catch cold during the last cold spell? Did it leave you with a cough, or tickling, or soreness in your throat, or a slight discharge from nose or ear, or ringing in the head? If any one of these things are true you are in the first stage of chronic catarrh. Pe-ru-na will cure you now in a very short time. If you wait until the catarrh becomes chronic it will take much longer to get a permanent cure. Besides, no one is safe a moment while chronic catarrh is in the system. It is capable of producing a multitude of diseases, such as bronchitis, pneumonia, quinsy, dyspepsia, Bright's disease and many forms of female weakness. This fact should lead every one who has the slightest cold or cough to begin at once the proper treatment. Pe-ru-na is the remedy for all this class of diseases used by Dr. Hartman, one of the most renowned physicians of this country. A treatise on catarrhal diseases, coughs, colds, la grippe, consumption, etc., will be sent free to any address by the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Free Home Treatment.

Dr. Hartman has agreed to advise free of charge 10,000 cases of chronic catarrh this winter. Send your name, address, age, sex and symptoms, and directions for the first month's treatment will be sent free. Medicines can be obtained at nearest drug store. This treatment not only cures, but cures permanently.

A Queer Rating.

Bright Boy—I don't think circus men know much about children.

Mother—Think not?

Bright Boy—Well, they let me in at half price, and they charge pop full price, and I always sees three times as much as pop does."

Johnny in a Decline.

Little Ethel—Papa, I think you ought to have the doctor come and see Johnny. I'm 'fraid he's sick.

Papa—Sick! He's out in the street playing and yelling like a wild Indian.

Little Ethel—Yes, but when he's well he yells like two wild Indians.

A Tribute to the Sex.

The Professor—There is evidence to show that one of the most famous edifices of antiquity was constructed principally by women.

His Wife—Which one?

The Professor—The Tower of Babel.

Full of Glory.

"Oh, mamma," cried five-year-old Dorothy, "I'm just as full of glory as I can

"What do you mean?" inquired her mother, with natural surprise.

"Why-ee," said Dorothy, "there was a sunbeam right on my spoon, and I swallowed it with my oatmeal, mamma!"

Valued Indorsement of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

SIDE LINE FOR Traveling Men

$2.00 Per Town for Traveling Men —to— Appoint Agents

No samples to carry and no sales to make. The work can be done in a few minutes while waiting for trains. No expenses attached to hinder each profit. Many traveling men now handling it, all without taking any time from their regular business. Write today for particulars, giving permanent address. J. F. BOWINS, 115 Fifth Av., Chicago.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

Ladies' or Gents' Size

A GIFT AT THE PRICE!

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 6,750 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, IN 14k. SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of $2.98 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine, American Style Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases, and guaranteed for 20 YEARS, for $2.98. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. Solid Gold Watches at $2.98.

These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, A SOLID, 14k. GOLD WATCH worth $50, provided $2.98 is sent with the order. Elegant SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAIN, of the latest pattern, free to those who send full amount with order. Be one of the first and get a Solid Gold Watch for $2.98. All are elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every respect. Cut this out and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, pay $2.98 and it is yours, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make you a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies' or gents' watch. Price per doz. [illegible] SAFE WATCH CO., 9 Murray St., New York.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Neptune's Lofty Vigil.

The god of the deep is sleepless. From his lofty column he scans the wonders of the Fair. The inland sea, a thousand miles away from his domain, unfolds its myriad beauties to his view. Upon the shore, where dash the ocean's waves, sublimer spectacle never met his gaze than here his eyes encounter.

Coadjutor of Columbus, Neptune figures fittingly at the World's Fair. The column bearing his figure is appropriately symbolical of his limitless empire.

The highest award was conferred on

Dr. Price's Baking Powder

at the Chicago Exposition. Superior leavening strength, perfect purity and wholesomeness were the attributes which enabled it to distance all competitors. The victory at Chicago has since been confirmed by the highest award and gold medal at the California Midwinter Fair. The midland triumph is grandly crowned on the coast.

"TAKE ME WHERE MY MAMMY LIVES."

BY W. R. STEELE.

Along the broad and traveled street,
The sidewalks rough and cold with sleet,
Came pattering on two little feet—
Moved eagerly by maiden sweet.

Pedestrians both old and young,
Looked on amazed with silent tongue,
Till one old man of gentle mold,
Did in his loving arms enfold,
And shelter from the chilling blast,
The little maiden ere she passed.

"Whither goest, sweet little maid?"
Tenderly whispering, he said—
"I'll carry you—don't be afraid,"
As on his breast her head was laid.

"I'm going to see my mamma dear—
I know it can't be far from here;
She told me I would come some day—
If I'd be good I'd find the way;
And then she cried and hugged me tight,
And kissed and loved me all that night.
Then Auntie took me home to stay,
And told me mamma'd gone away."

Then, looking in the old man's eye,
With throbbing heart and smothered sigh,
With all the faith that heaven gives,
Said: "Take me where my mamma lives."

DAN TULPY'S LESSON.

How He Was Taught to Be More Merciful to His Brute Friends.

By L. J. BATES.

Winding slowly down into the valley of the Tin Kettle River from the crest of the northern divide, stretched a straggling column of sheep a mile long. Far away men rode to and fro behind them. A small, dark speck dashed from flank to flank in the rear, causing a forward rush of the loitering flock. That speck was Fan, the collie sheep dog.

Already the foremost files of the long procession scented the fertile promise of bottom pasture, and quickened their pace with an undulation that rippled gradually back to the rear.

Dan Tulpy, a sturdy boy of fifteen years, drove the canvas-topped provision wagon ahead of the procession, and halted near the log cabin, with its numerous outbuildings, which was the home of the Tulpy family. Unharnessing the team of mustangs, he dismissed them to pasture with an unnecessary lash of the whip to make them scamper.

Then he idled to the rear of the wagon and began teasing a litter of five puppies' belonging to Fan, that were carried in an old basket partly filled with tufts of wool.

Dan rubbed their noses together, and pinched their ear to make them snarl and quarrel. Busy with this mischief he did not hear his father ride up, and was surprised by a box on the ear that evoked a yell of dismay.

"You Dan Tulpy, quit worrying them, pups! Haint you spi'led a hundred dollars off'n the worth of the litter already? Look ye here, young man, I'll give ye one you'll remember, ef I don't get no more peace all the rest of my life!"

He snatched Dan by one wrist, and thrashed the boy with his riding whip until his howls brought the boy's mother running to the rescue.

"You Silas Tulpy, quit lickin' that boy! Le'm go, I say! I won't have my child abused! Oh, he's all bloody!"

She spied on Dan's shirt-sleeve a small red stain that might have been blood if it had not been berry juice. She had been picking berries in the garden, and had jerked her boy away with her stained hands.

"To think o' my son being larruped like a slave!"

When she had stopped for breath Mr. Tulpy angrily replied:

"He deserves wuss, and he'll get it ef he doesn't mend his ways—spi'ling every critter on the ranch! The hosses is gettin' so's they're hard to catch. Might ha' sold a colt last week, but Dan came along, and it r'ared and pulled and showed its teeth, and old Wolverton said he wouldn't take as a gift a colt what had its temper that sp'iled. Fan hates the very sight of him, and Fan is the knowingest sheep dog in the state.

"I won't have it no more! You mind that, Susan. And you, Dan, I'll cut the hide clean off'n you the next time I catch you botherin' any o' the critters!"

He strode angrily away, leaving his wife to console the boy. Silas Tulpy was strong, and was accounted resolute among men; and when he was really roused, as now, Dan dreaded his anger, and even Mrs. Tulpy was temporarily awed.

Yet in spite of all this, Dan was an industrious, brave and truthful lad, somewhat spoiled by an injudicious mother, and naturally michievous, but not vicious.

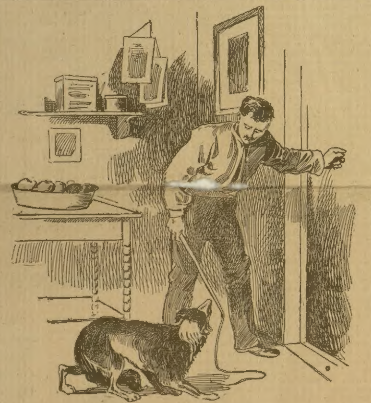
Mortified and ashamed, Dan did not wish to encounter his father again that day. After some talk with his mother, he saddled his mustang and rode to the cabin of the hunter, Stokes, five miles up the river, carrying several parcels that had been brought in the wagon for Stokes. He knew that he could get his supper at Stokes' and return in the evening.

Dan found the hunter at home, delivered his parcels, and was given a game supper. After they had eaten, Stokes showed him the skin of a large mountain lioness.

"Shot her last evening," said he, "prowlin' 'round the ranch. She's a new-comer hereabouts, and it's lucky I got her 'fore she did damage. She's got two kittens hid somewheres about. I've hunted for 'em all day 'thout gittin' no sign. Hows'ever, I'll have 'em afore tomorrow night."

Dan started to ride home by moonlight. Half way the river and trail wound through a deep rocky gorge amid the hills, with many side gulches, down which, though these were now dry, torrents foamed when it rained.

He was passing the dark mouth of one of these deep and narrow ravines when he heard the mewing cry of a mountain-lion kitten, and instantly thought of the two motherless whelps. Listening and peering eagerly up the dark gully, he saw the little beast on a rock where the moonlight shone just at this hour.



"Go find Dan!"

Dan carried his light rifle, for in that region no man or boy stirred abroad unarmed, The shelf was not over one hundred yards distant. Leaping from his saddle, he scrambled through the rocky and thicket-lined gulch. The little creature heard him and fled; but presently he heard it again, mewing farther up the pass. He followed its cries, and was thus led on for some distance.

Then he saw the kitten emerge into the moonlight upon a rocky ledge, perhaps fifty feet high on the almost perpendicular side wall of of the little canon. As it stood still for a moment he shot it, and saw it writhe about, and then disappear along the ledge.

Dan climbed to the ledge, and traced the blood drops to where they led under a dense cluster of shrubs. Crawling under the leaves, after lighting a dry stick for a torch, he found the kitten dead at the entrance of a hole in the rock. Deep in this hole he heard the mewing of the other whelp.

He wanted this kitten now, even more than than the one he had. So he crawled into the hole, leaving his rifle under the thicket.

Ten feet in, sloping upward, the hole widened into a chamber, in which he could stand erect. Close to the entrance was a loose stone, easily rolled, large enough to block the hole partly. He moved it a little over the hole, with intent to prevent the whelp from dodging out past him. With some difficulty he caught the spitting and struggling little creature and tied it securely.

Then he started to roll back the stone, but it slipped from his hands, rolled lower into the hole, and jammed. In order to remove it he now had to lie at full length. Greatly to his alarm, the stone had jammed so tightly that he could not stir it, though he exerted all his strength.

So now he was shut in the vile cave. It was close and ill-smelling. His torch soon burned out. After lighting a few matches and finding nothing to burn, he abandoned himself to dense and awful darkness.

Panting violently from his efforts to move the stone, and from the vain crying and sobbing to which he had at first given way he sat up in the dark and strove to think clearly. All he could do now was to wait for rescue. But could rescuers find him? How long before they would come?

He huddled down and tried to sleep away the fearful hours of night; and finally he did sleep. His last waking thoughts were of Fan.

"If anything can find me, it will be Fan," he thought. "Oh, Fan! Fan! if she loved me as she does Shepherd Dave or Sister Mary, or any of the rest! But I've made her hate me, and perhaps she won't try. What a fool I have been!"

It was late when the Tulpy family finished supper. Mrs. Tulpy was cross. After telling where Dave had gone, she left all the talking to Mr. Tulpy and Shepherd Dave and Mary.

Fan came in at dark, limping, with dragging tail and hanging tongue, painting and tired out. The faithful creature had been, for three intensely hot days, driving a thousand half-wild sheep over the rocky divide, not losing one by the way. Beside her hard work, she had to care at every halt for her five puppies.

Shepherd Dave washed and greased her lame feet, for which she gratefully licked his hands. Then he gave her a good supper, with milk to drink, after which she stretched herself in her basket and slept, utterly worn out, unconscious of her tugging litter.

The men sat outside of the house smoking. When it became bedtime Mr. Tulpy called to his wife:

"Susan, was Dan to stay all night?"

"No; he ought to be home now."

"I should think so! He knows that I want him at daylight. We've got to mark all these sheep to-morrow, before we can turn them loose to feed. I told him so."

"Well, he'll be home pretty soon, now."

But Dan was still absent when they went to bed. Some time after midnight Mrs. Tulpy awoke her husband.

"Dan hasn't come home yet," she said, "and I'm so anxious I can't sleep."

Mr. Tulpy grumbled, but rose and searched the house. No Dan! He went to the hut of the shepherd Dave. No Dan! Nor was the boy anywhere about the ranch. But he found Dan's mustang grazing with hanging bridle.

"He's been teasing the critter and it broke away. Now he'll have to walk home, and serve him right," he thought.

Tuply unsaddled the horse and turned it loose to graze again. Then, partly urged by his wife, and partly by some anxiety of his own, and because he must have the boy's help very early in the morning, he called out Fan, put in her mouth a folded paper upon which he had written:

"Dan, come home right off. I want you." and said to the dog:

"Go find Dan! go! Go to Stokes'—find Dan—go, Fan!"

Fan was footsore, tired and sleepy. Her puppies had dragged her sadly. At the mention of Dan she crawled, whined, and in the humblest dog language begged to be spared. To find Dan meant being abused.

She would drive sheep if necessary; she would do anything except find Dan. Groveling and whining she refused to go. Mr. Tulpy took down a horsewhip. She yelped and groveled, but did not go.

He lashed her once sharply. She cried out and went, with her tail drooping, head hanging, and her whole body expressing disgust and reluctance; and so trotted into the darkness and disappeared on the trail.

"Poor Fan! Poor dog!" muttered Mr. Tulpy, hanging up the whip. "It's too bad; I hate to send her, but there ain't any other way. Can't ask Dave to go—it would spoil his day's work. Fan'll wake up Stokes by barking, and he'll start the boy." So, muttering, he went back to bed.

The poor dog trotted through the darkness, with the folded paper in her teeth, occasionly nosing the trail, with a steady faithfulness inherited from long generations and orained by the discipline of her whole life. Occasionally she whined faintly when her sore feet were hurt by stones. If one could have seen her, she would have shown a striking type of persistent fidelity to an unwelcome duty.

At last she came to the mouth of the gulch. Her intelligent nose at once informed her that here Dan had quit his mustang and gone on foot up the canon. She turned into the dark pass and followed, smelling his track. It was a hard task for a dog in her condition.

Sometimes Dan had climbed up the canon walls, over sharp stones that hurt her feet. Sometimes he had traversed the broken stones and pebbles of the dry torrent bed; often pushed through thick and thorny scrub thickets. Many a little yelp of pain was wrung from poor Fan. The moon had gone down, and only her eyes, sharper than men's, and her scent, a wonderful second sight, enabled her to get on.

Some Distace up the pass Dan had climbed along the canon wall on a narrow ledge twenty feet high. Where this ledge was narrowest and highest, poor Fan's sore feet being hurt by a sharp stone, caused her to shrink and stumble. And so, with a sharp yelp, she fell over the edge and rolled helplessly down upon the broken rocks below.

She was badly hurt by the fall, and lay for a few moments quivering and crying pitifully, Her tumble dislodged stones that rolled after her, and one of these struck and broke one of her hind legs below the knee.

Slowly, and whining with pain, she got upon her three unbroken legs after a little. Had she been human she would now have now cared only for her own suffering, and have either lain in the nearest comfortable spot or crawled home. But she was a dog and persisted in her duty.

She nosed about, found and picked up in her mouth the paper that she had dropped, and crept on three legs, still after Dan.

Full half a mile farther she followed his track. Finally, by almost incredible efforts she climed to the ledge where he had shot the mountain lion kitten, smelled the dead body of the animal and then traced Dan into his hole.

Awakened from a drowse by Fan's barking, Dan eagerly called out, not dreaming that she was alone. Finally, comprehending that it was only Fan, he thrust one of his arms out past the blockading stone in the one spot where there was a little space, and was astonished to feel a folded paper that Fan thrust upon his fingers.

Lighting a match, he read the message, and guessed that his father supposed him safe at Stokes'. By lighting several matches and using their burnt ends for pensils, he managed to scrawl in a coarse hand upon the paper:

"I am shut up in a mountain lion's den in Klickityclick canon, about a mile from the trail, right hand side, high up in the wall. I can't get out. DAN TULPY."

"This by Fan."

He pushed out his arm, felt Fan take the paper, and told her to go home. She crept away, one leg dangling, and the broken bone cruelly paining the now swelling flesh.

It was sunrise when she reached the house. Mr. Tulpy and Dave had eaten breakfast, and were already at work with the sheep. Mrs. Tulpy read Dan's scrawl and ran exclaiming to them. She did not notice poor Fan, who crawled into her basket and there yelped every minute when her puppies crawled over her broken leg.

Mr. Tulpy, coming into the house for his rifle while Dave saddled the horses, noticed Fan; and anxious as he was for his boy, he would not leave the house until after he had set Fan's broken leg, bound it in splints, and locked her puppies in a closet away from her. This partly because she had faithfully done her errand so crippled, partly from remorseful thought that he had been cruel in sending her.

In the broad day Dan was found and released by his father. On the way home Mr. Tulpy explained how much he owed to Fan's wonderful faithfulness.

Dan now remembered how she had whined when she was in the hole, and of hearing her yelps of distress as she climbed down the canon wall on leaving him. They searched back on the trail, and found where she had fallen and been hurt. Then they saw the full extent of her fidelity.

This lesson cured Dan of teasing animals. In a short time he and Fan, whose broken leg soon healed under kind care, became fast friends as boy and dog should be.—Youth's Companion.

The river Amu, the ancient Oxas of historical fame, has just been ascended by a Russian steamer almost to its source, on the way east of Afghanistan.

AD DORATHEAM.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.
The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;
The house is bright with blosoms high and low.
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are runnig to and fro;
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child to share in our delight
On this high day, the holiest and best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to tell,
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose
And toddle with it to another belle,
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure you, Miss).
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,
Thy grandpa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make us gay,
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorow flee.

JERRY'S COON.

A Very Intereresting Story About a Bright Young Pickaniny.

By JULIUS DAVIS.

Jerry came up the path from the spring singing, He was singing a merry, jig-like tune; so merry that Victory began to pat "juber." Victory had just grown out of babyhood—a way all healthy babies have of doing—and was the pride of old Aunt Silva's heart.

As Jerry and the singing approached, even Uncle Ike felt his rheumatic legs limbering up and longing to cut the "pigeonwing," or to perform some other feat of youthful days.

Possum up de gum-stump, cooney in de hol'er,
Little boy at my house, fat as he can waller.

Such was the sounding couplet that Jerry had wedded to this merry tune.

As he came in sight, it was easy enough to understand how the lines had been suggested to him. Slung over his shoulder was some kind of an animal; at least, it was to be presumed that some kind of an animal was hitched to the tail that Jerry grasped.

Victory evidently thought there was something beyond that tail. She had been sitting on the ground, pouring fine dirt in little rills through her fist into her lap. Now she stood up and stared at the tail. From the size of her eyes and the gap between her lips, she must have thought unutterable things; probably there was a lion at the other end of the tail.

Uncle Ike came around from his patch, bringing a rusty hoe. He had been digging for sweet potatoes. He had found three, one almost as large as his forefinger. Uncle Ik's sweet potatoes usually averaged about the size of his little finger.

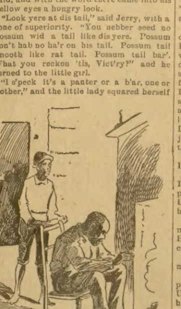
"What you reckon I got yere?" Jerry asked.

The tail slipped down his back with the question, as though the animal, whatever he was, might be crawling away with it. But Jerry had lowered it so that his conundrum would be harder to guess. Only the brush-like tip of the tail was now visible.

Uncle Ike made a guess. "Possum," he said, and with the word there came into his yellow eyes a hungry look.

"Look yere at dis tail," said Jerry, with a tone of superiority. "You nebber seed no possum wid a tail like dis yere. Possum don't hab no ha'r on his tail. Possum tail smooth like rat tail. Possum tail bar'. What you reckon 'tis, Vict'ry?" and he turned to the little girl.

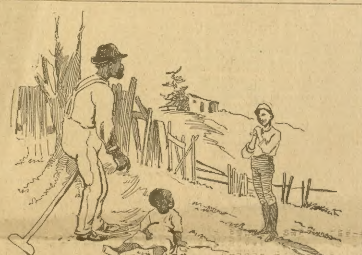
"I s'peck it's a panter or a b'ar, one or t'other," and the little lady squared herself in a stately way, and folded her arms behind her, as if to do battle for her opinion.



GOOD FOR EVIL.

"Geewhillikens! I couldn't tote a b'ar no more'n I could tote a bawn full er horses, or dis yere plantation, B'lieve in my soul gals is gese. Here's what it is; it's a coon," Jerry continued, swinging his booty to the front, "an' I cotched de genulman all by myse'f; nebber had a single solitary soul ter he'p me."

Here Tiger, as if to recall the part he had borne in the matter, lifted his head, and with a low growl, sniffed at cooney's nose.



"What you reckon I got yere?"

"Is he clean dead?" asked Victory.

"Law, yes! Ef he wasn't he'd spit in Tiger's face. He wouldn't stand no dog's nosin'."

"Whar'd ye cotch it, anyhow?" asked Uncle Ike.

"In a 'simmon tree, ob course."

"What yer doin' at de 'simmon tree? Aint dar no cotton in de cotton patch ter pick? 'Simmons aint good, nohow till fros'. Better 'ten' to yer cotton-pickin', an' let 'simmons an' coon 'lone."

"Reckon I'se got a right to git red uv de chills ef I kin. Aunt Silvy tole me how, ef I'd walk 'round a 'simmon tree fou' times widout thinkin' uv possum, I'd git well uv de chills, sho'. I was tryin' ter do dat puskiption, an' I'd 'a' done it ef it hadn't been for dis yere varmint. I was mos' gettin' so I could walk roun' widout thinkin, uv possum. It is den I look up in de 'simmon tree, an' dar sot a coon, layin' right out on a limb, playin' possum. I clom up de tree tell I shuck him down. Es soon es he lit Tiger jes' bounced him. Den dar was a mighty tussle, but Tige lammed him."

"Lemme see him, anyhow," said Uncle Ike.

There was no mistaking the look in Uncle Ike's eyes. He was coveting his neighbor's property; he was hankering after that coon. He hobbled toward Jerry, and reached out his hand as if to take it.

The boy did not respond to the movement. He took a step or two backward. He elevated the coveted article to his arm's capacity.

"See it, den," he said. "I don't keer how much you see it."

"Coon aint much 'count for eatin' pupposes. Now possum is tollubul good," said Uncle Ike. "What'll yer take for him, anyhow?"

"What'll yer gimme fer him?" challenged the cautious Jerry.

"It's mighty hard ter tell what a po' coon like dat dar is worf. 'Taint worf its skinnin' an' cookin', but I'll gib ye dem for de varmint. In dat case, yer won't hab none de bodder wid dem dar op'rations. An' I'll gib yer de skin ter boot. Yer kin make a tollubul good hat outen de skin fer ter keep ye warm dis cole winter. A coonskin cap is mighty comfortable; heap better'n a sto' cap. Ef yer wus ter take dat coon ter town ter sell, yer couldn't git no cap for it widouten a pic'yune, or maybe a bit ter boot. But if yer trades wid me, yer gits yer cap an' keeps yer pic'yune bofe."

"Dat's so," said Jerry, turning the coon this way and that with a meditative air, and surveying it in every light.

"An', 'sides all de res', yer won't hab none de bodder up de cleanin'. It's a mighty pesterin' job ter skin a coon. Skin sticks tight, I kin tell yer. Is yer gwine ter swop or not? Kase I can't stan' yere foolin' wid yer all day. Some de udder boys gwine out huntin' 'fore long. I'll trade wid dem, an' den you'll miss de boggin; an' good nuff fer yer, fer bein' sech a big fool. Is yer gwine ter trade, or is yer gwine ter let some de udder boys hab de chance?"

"I'se gwine ter trade, ob cou'se," said Jerry, handing over the coon to Uncle Ike, yet keeping his eyes fixed longingly on the creature as it passed out of his possession.

Uncle Ike shuffled off to his cabin with his "boggin." Jerry watched his departure with a dubious feeling. Somehow, in spite of the air of magnanimity with which Uncle Ike had agreed to give skinning and cooking of the coon for the coon itself, he was not happy. He went into Aunt Silva, and began to tell about the fine bargain he had made, but broke down in the midst and cried about it. Aunt Silva didn't know where the sophistry came in in the transaction, but she felt her way to the conclusion that Jerry had been wronged.

She strode out of her cabin, and over to Uncle Ike's. You would have taken her for the impersonation of all the officers of justice in the state. In vain Uncle Ike argued that a fair bargain had been made.

"Hush yer mouf, Uncle Ike," she said; "you can't nebber make me be'lieve black's white, not ef yer was to sw'ar it till yer turn white youse'f. I knows dat Jerry had a coon, an' I knows dat he aint got no coon now, nor nuffin't all. What's come of Jerry's coon?"

"Why, he sold it ob cou'se. I gib him de coonskin for de coon."

"To be sho'; but whar'd ye git de coonskin in de fus' place?"

"Why, I got de skin for de skinnin', an' de cleanin', an' de cookin'. Why, bress yer soul, Aunt Silvy, dat boy's got de best of de boggin."

"Gimme dat coon dis minute," Aunt Silva demanded. "Ef yer don't, I'll sp'ile ev'ry bit uv rep'tation yer got. I'll hab yer up 'fo' de church, sho's yer bawn. A member of de church in good an' reg'lar standin' 'pressin' de orfin an' de widder! Aint yer shame of yerse'f? How kin yer hab de face ter git shoutin' happy arter such puffomances? It's all kase yer's a Williams' nigger. Ef ye'd been a Carter's, yer'd nebber done it. Yer'd a-died fus'. I tell yer gib up dat coon, or gib up yer rup'tation—one or t'other."

I wish you could have seen how mean and sneaking Uncle Ike looked, as he crawled under the bed, where he had hid the coon. He dragged it out by the tail, and delivered it over to Aunt Silva.

That night there was a coon supper in Aunt Silva's cabin, and "a high old time," as Jerry would have said. There was a goodly number of guests from the various cabins, but Uncle Ike was not among them.

Toward the close of the feast, they missed Jerry. He had slipped away with a choice bit of roast coon for poor old Uncle Ike.

In the Cookie Jar.

Little Louise is only three years old, but full enough of mischief for several little girls.

"Oh dear, Louise," exclaimed her big sister one day, after the little one had been in mischief, "do you think it would make you good if I put you in the flour barrel and left you there awhile?"

"I'm 'fwaid not," replied Louise, soberly, "but sister, you may put me in the cookie jar, if you want to."

A Calculating Boy.

"I think, Tommy" said Mrs. Harlem River, "that I shall put you into long trousers pretty soon."

"Not now, ma; not until after Christmas."

"Why not now?"

"Because, you know, I'll have to go into short stockings, and they don't hold much."

A CARELESS BOY'S DREAM.

BY JERRY FENWORTH HILKINS.

One week ago to-night I dreamed
That Santa Claus had come;
He crammed my longest stocking
And brought a sled and drum.

A slim and shining fishing-rod
He leaned against the wall,
And on the table laid a box
Of candy and a ball.

A pair of boots, a soldier cap
That looked so bright and blue,
He took from out the pack he wore
A longed-for pistol, too.

And then he stroked his snow-white beard,
And turning toward my bed,
He looked, oh! very, very stern,
And this is what he said:

"You see, the many gifts, my boys,
That I had planned for you."
And here he opened wide a book
And turned a leaf or two.

"I think it was October first—
Ah! yes, I have it here—
The time you lost your Sunday hat;
No soldier cap this year.

"And some time in the month it was
Your kitten's leg you tied
So tightly with your fishing line,
The poor thing cried and cried.

"And August first you lost your boot;
Your carelessness, I fear,
Will be the ruin of you yet,
No fishing-rod this year.

"And here 'tis down a dozen times,
And twice as many more,
The times you've taken sugar
From the tub behind the door.

"And so I'll take the candy box;
The sled you may enjoy;
I see with all your careless ways
You're not a selfish boy.

"And last, not least, I blush to say
I've seen you in your place
At table, full a hundred times,
With grimy hands and face.

"And now, I'll take the soldier cap,
The pistol and the ball,
The contents of the stocking,
And the fishing-rod and all."

And then I woke, but still the dream,
It seemed so awful true,
I thought I'd turn a new leaf;
Say, children, wouldn't you?

Surprised by Monkeys.

Two or three years ago an Austrian civil engineer was traveling in Ceylon. Near Pasadena, one of the large cities, was a botanical garden which is considered one of the finest in the world. One afternoon the engineer strolled around the gardens admiring the tropical plants and examining the curious forms of vegetable life with which the garden abounded. At length he became very tired, and the day being warm, even for Ceylon, he lay down and was soon fast asleep. What happened is best told in his own words:

"I must have slept an hour when I was awakened suddenly by a queer, uncanny feeling, and opened my eyes. Judge of my surprise when I saw perched upon my feet, body, and even upon my shoulders, a lot of little monkeys, while all about me, and beaming down upon me from the trees, were monkeys of all sizes and ages. It seemed to me that there were myriads of them. I was frightened, for I knew these monkeys were wild, and in their wild state I did not know what so many of them might do.

"I gave one leg a twitch, then the other, and bounded up, throwing off all that were gamboling over and about me. In a second the monkeys vanished, and only here and there, peering down from the tops of the tall bamboo and rubber trees, could I see any of them.

"I was very much alarmed, for the appearance of so many of them was entirely unexpected. It was a week before I got over my fright. It appears, however, that the monkeys had meant no harm to me. The congress had been called, and their examination of me as I lay on the ground was merely out of curiosity to divine what kind of an object I was. Nevertheless, I vowed never to go to sleep again in a wild tropical forest even if it were called a botanical garden."

A Wonderful Sensitive Plant.

An incident related by the author of "The Pearl of India," in his description of the flora of Ceylon, is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether that plant has intelligence.

The doctor, one of the characters of the book, while sitting with the family on the broad piazza, which formed the front of the bungalow of a coffee plantation, recognized a thrifty sensitive plant, and it was made the subject of remark. He called his young daughter of eleven years from the house.

"Lena," said he, "go and kiss the mimosa."

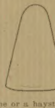
The child did so, laughing gleefully, and came away. The plant gave no token of shrinking from contact with the pretty child.

"Now," said the host, "will you touch the plant?"

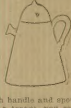
Rising to do so, we approached it with one hand extended, and before it had come fairly in contact the nearest spray and leaves wilted visibly.

"The plant knows the child," said the doctor; "but you are a stranger."

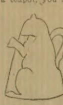
A FUNNY LITTLE DRAWING LESSON.



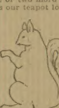
A cone or a haystack
This looks like to me.



With handle and spout
'Tis a teapot, you see.



A line or two more
Makes our teapot look queer.



But helps us to finish
The squirrel sitting here.

SIGORD.

Sigord, the fisherman, came home at night, tired, and with an empty basket. All day long he had stayed on the banks of the stream. His stomach was empty; his patience was exhausted; his cupboard bare. He had but one consolation: a fire built of sticks that he had gathered in the forest, burned and danced on the hearth, filling all the little room with its pleasant warmth and light, and by that he sat down with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hand and thought what an unlucky fellow he was, and how unreasonable fish were not to bite, when he had prepared the bait so nicely and had been so careful to keep the hook out of sight.

"While thus thinking came a tap at the door, and crying "Come in!" there entered an old man, very short, very broad, with long red hair and beard, and the brightest and most restless eyes imaginable.

Sigord got up and gave him his stool, the only seat in the poor little room.

"I am hungry," said the old man.

"So am I," answered Sigord, "but the fish have grown too wise for me and there is not a mouthful in my cupboard."

"Take your line and go out now," quoth old Redbeard quite seriously, but Sigord laughed in his face.

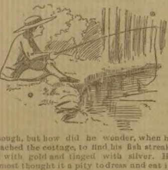
"Why, good father, it is past midnight."

"I know it, but I am older than you and wiser. Take your line and do as I have told you."

Sigord, whose good mother had taught him to reverence old age, took his line and went out into the forest. It was the darkest night he had ever seen, and there were whisperings and gugglings all about him.

"What a fool! Oh, what a great fool! He cannot see to bait his hook."

"Fool or not, here goes," cried Sigord, when—splash! before his line had touched the water, jumped up a great fish and seized the hook. Home went Sigord joyful enough, but how did he wonder, when he reached the cottage, to find his fish streaked with gold and tinged with silver. He almost thought it a pity to dress and eat it, though he had never tasted anything so nice in his life; and he and old Redbeard feasted like a king, the old man sitting on a stool and Sigord on the floor. When they had finished—



"Take my seat," said the old man.

"No," answered Sigord, "the floor does very well."

But presently he began to ache, oh! intolerably.

"The deuce is in the planks. They are harder than my luck," quoth he.

"You had better take the stool," urged the old man.

"No, I can walk about," and he began to march about the room; for, as the old man's eyes were as bright as ever he thought it would not be polite to go to bed. Up jumped old Redbeard, and sat down in the fire.

Sigord uttered a cry of horror, but the old man neither took fire nor made any wry faces. The flames shot up in a pointed arch and formed a chair of state. There was a crown of fire on his head, a broad sheet of flame wrapped him about, and his little black eyes danced and sparkled more brightly than ever.

"Wink and save your eyes," said the Fire King. "You are a good fellow."

"Thank you, your Highness," answered Sigord, with a bow.

"You reverenced age and gave the best in your house to a stranger," went on his rubicund majesty. "You are a good fellow. I am sorry I can't do anything for you."

The goblin snapped his fingers till the sparks flew, turned a summersault, and disappeared.

Sigord stood staring after him with open eyes, when crack went the fire, and three balls flew out—red, blue and white, each set with precious stones. Sigord turned them round and round, but could make nothing of them. So like a wise man, he laid them in one corner and himself in another, and went to sleep.

In the morning he awoke, hungry enough, to find the fire out and the sun shining in brightly through the window. Pleasant, this to have to catch your breakfast before you can eat it, and gather your fire to cook it.

"Why didn't the old fellow grant me a wish, as they do in the old tales, instead of these shining balls? Whatever can I do with them?"

So saying, he began to turn them over in his hand. They were wonderfully beautiful, set with diamonds, pearls and rubies. In doing so, he pressed on a large diamond in the center of one. It flew open with a creak, and out rolled the prettiest little marble castle, no bigger than Sigord's thumb. No sooner had it touched the ground than it commenced growing, till it became a splendid building, fit for a king.

"Here is a fine house," said Sigord going through all the fine halls and rooms, "but one should have some servants."

And he began to finger the second ball, till that, too, flew open, and out jumped a lot of little manikins, who grew up on the instant, and began cooking, washing, baking, brewing, scolding, chattering, running, and giggling, as if they had been a great man's servants all their lives.

"Now, if I had money and jewels," said Sigord, fingering the third ball. "One can't keep such a castle and these servants on nothing."

"The third ball flew open, and in it Sigord saw a purse filled with gold, which never could be emptied, as a new piece of gold suppled the place of every one he took out.

Then Sigord dressed himself in fine clothes and rode away on one of his splendid horses to the cottage of Milchen, whom he loved. She, seeing this splendid cavalier, came out, courtesying low, thinking it was some great lord; but said he:

"I am Sigord, come now to marry you, as we have so long wished." And putting her on his horse, they rode away to the castle, where they lived in pomp and splendor all the rest of their lives.

About Grains.

The average wheat yield in England is said to be thirty-six bushels to the acre.

The China or tea wheat is said to have come from a grain found in a chest of tea.

Japan has developed a variety of maize with leaves beautifully striped with white.

The peasants of Germany, Sweden and Russia subsist almost wholly on rye bread.

The larvae of the wheat fly feed on the flowers of the plant, destroying its fertility.

Enormous quantities of maize are grown in China, India, Austro-Hungary and Italy.

The Boston brown bread is made of rye and corn meal, in the proportion of one to two.

Wheat is mentioned in the scriptures as a well-known grain and under wide cultivation.

The habitat of oats is believed to have been in the region north and west of the Alps.

Graham flour should consist of the whole wheat, ground to a uniform degree of fineness.

Cigarettes.

Do you care to know how they are made? I think I can elighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New York City as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with these?" asked his honor.

What do you think was his answer?

"I sell them to a man at ten cents a pound to be used in making cigarettes."

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grabbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

A Mammoth Edition of Beautiful Calendars for 1895.

Hood's Calendar for 1895 is certainly "a thing of beauty." Indeed, in the novelty of the design and the exquisiteness of the coloring, the calendar surpasses all previous issues, just as Hood's Calendars have for many years surpassed all others. The calendar is formed in the shape of a heart and is ornamented with two beautiful child faces which have always been charming features of Hood's Calendars. On the right is a representation of "Winter," the sweet little face with light brown eyes peeping out from a dainty cap, while the snow flakes are falling all about. The face on the left is a picture of "Summer," and is lighted with blue eyes, and the head covered with a hat decorated with bright flowers. The shades are perfectly blended and the whole picture is surrounded by a tasty border. The design was made by Miss Maud Humphrey, one of the most gifted and celebrated water color artists in the country. The calendar gives the usual information concerning the lunar changes, and upon the back is printed a table of astronomical events especially calculated for C. I. Hood & Co.

The calendar is issued to advertise Hood's Sarsaparilla, Hood's Pills and the other preparations of the firm, and is regarded as most difficult to manufacture, its novel shape being such as no other concern has ever undertaken to produce in large quantities. It was necessary to purchase several additional machines especially for this job, so that there was a very large amount of machinery and a whole regiment of people employed in this one branch of the extensive business at the big laboratory in Lowell. During the five months when the calendars were being made there were actually employed every day in this part of the work at the laboratory six printing presses, one bronzing machine, four eye-letting machines, seven wire stitchers, eight large paper cutters and 162 persons. At the beginnig of the work this large force was able to produce about 100,000 calendars a day, and for several weeks towards the close the daily production amounted to 140,000 calendars. The edition of Hood's Calendars for 1895 was 10,500,000, or about 2,500,000, more than last year.

Any reader of this paper wishing to obtain Hood's Sarsaparilla Calendars should send six cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., and a calendar and beautiful wall pocket will be sent. For ten cents in stamps two calendars and the wall pocket can be obtained. Be sure to mention this paper.

Stumped.

"Grandpapa," asked his inquisitive grandson, "do hens make their own eggs?"

"Yes," replied the old gentleman, "indeed they do, Johnnie."

"And do they always put the yolk in the middle?"

"They do, indeed Johnnie."

"And do they put the white around it to keep the yellow from rubbing off?"

"Quite likely, my inquisitive little boy."

"And then, grandpapa, who sews the cover on?"

This stumped the old gentleman, and he barricaded Johnny's mouth with a lollipop.

What a Woman Can Do!

I want my lady friends to know of the new field now open for them. In the past 6 months we have made a profit of $907.02 after paying all expenses. All our sales have been made at home, not having canvassed any. My official duties calling me away most of the time, I left the Dish Washer business in my wife's control with the above results. The business is rapidly increasing, and will continue to grow until every family has a Climax Dish Washer. Not a day passes but what we sell one or two and some days fifteen or twenty Dish Washers. It's easy selling what everybody wants to buy. You can wash and dry the dishes perfectly in two minutes. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. Get a sample washer and you can't help but make money. They only cost $5. You may just as well be making $5 a day as to be doing nothing.

An excellent quality of illuminating gas has been made from peat.

A Secret Society for Boys.

The C. M. A. is a secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has regular signs, grips, passwords, signals, signs of distress, signs of warning, etc. Every member wears a badge of the order. It costs nothing to join, does not interfere with religion or politics. Great fun for the boys. Send your name and the names of two or three other boys you think will join and I will send you full instructions free. Enclose stamp. Address, at once,

W. W. BEST, Oak Park, Ill.

In 1839 the first patent for water gas was taken out in England by Cruickshanks.

DO NOT put off taking a medicine. Numerous little ailments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease, give strength and appetite.

HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Roman lamps were of gold, silver, bronze, iron, copper, lead and earthenware.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle

In 1873 the complete success of water gas as an illuminant was made apparent.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T.A.Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

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NOVEMBER LIGHTS.

LIGHT - HEADED
Jack - o' - lanterns,
Perched on a wall,
Better have a care
about 'em,
Lest they should
fall.

"Dull as a pumpkin
head,"
Says Schoolmaster White,
But then there are times when
When pumpkin heads are bright.

Jolly little Jack-o'-lanterns,
Shining all the while,
Wink at one another
With their widest smile.

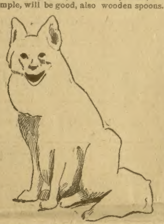
Funny little Jack-o'-lanterns,
Don't they look like ghosts?
Ghosts of squash and pumpkin pies,
Set on posts.

ANIMALS MADE OF SNOW.

Some fine winter morning when you young folks wake up you will find several inches or more of snow upon the ground—none of the soft, wet slushy sort that is more than half water, but a good, harn, firmly-packed, dazzling white substance. Then it will be time to make snow animals and images.

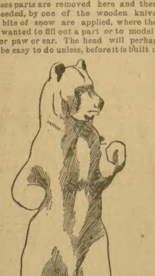
Here are some new ideas about what can be made with snow when it packs well. Work while the weather is quite cold, and in a shady place, if possible, because it would be a pity for the sun to melt the figures.

The tools that will be most used are any flat wooden paddle; a butter paddle, for example, will be good, also wooden spoons.



A carving-knife, shaped like a modeling-knife, is easily cut out of wood, and smoothed with sand paper. The little teeth are of great use, because they help to cut the snow more easily. Another little tool is made of a slat of wood one of whose ends is slanted off and whittled into point-like teeth. The other end is rudely whittled like a handle.

The snow sculptor should work as any other sculptor does, mostly with his hands, This will be cold work, but by the use of old. loose-fitting gloves the trouble will be lessened. But if one can work without them so much the better. Take, for example, a lioness. First, a rough oblong block is shaped for the plinth or base. On this are placed the masses of snow to build up the main outline of the body. From these masses parts are removed here and there, as needed, by one of the wooden knives, and bits of snow are applied, where they are wanted to fill out a part or to model a leg or paw or ear. The head will perhaps not be easy to do unless, before it is built up a stick be put slanting into the neck, projecting to make a sort of post, which will help hold the head so that it may the better resist the attraction of gravity. The folds of the skin and the features and claws are all brought out by the knife after the shape of the body is completed.



The dancing bear is a more difficult figure to do, but with care it will be a satisfactory figure to work from. Model it about a yard high, and begin by arranging sticks, planting the long ones firmly in a bank of hard-packed snow, and tying the short sticks securely to them. The modeling must be done carefully, and if possible, sticks inserted in the proper places for each arm, and even the nose, if it will not otherwise stay on.

Do not expect to get each line and detail perfect. You will be very successful if you make the animals so that people will know which is which, in species. Cut out the part between the legs of the bear last.

A child and dog would make a good group, or a girl sitting beside a lamb. A cat curled up asleep is easy. A bas relief of the head of a child, perhaps one's own small brother or sister can be done.

Snail-Farming.

In Switzerland there are snail-farms. The people raise the snails for market. Very few people in this country know that snails are used for food. In Switzerland the snail farms are divided into small parts, separated by fences about two feet high, with nails along the top to prevent the snails from running away. Little arbors of moss are provided for the snails as shelters from the sun. If there is not lime or chalk in the earth of the farm, the farmer sprinkles it about. Snails eat cabbage, salad, nettles and dandelion. They seem to be hungry after a rain.

The harvest time for snails is the latter part of August or the first of September. Then the snails are sorted out. Those having rounded white houses are considered fat, and are the most valuable. They are packed in boxes in soft hay. If they grow too warm, they will open their shells, and burst the strongest box.

In Bavaria the snails are picked up by children and hired men, and thrown into a hole. In this hole grain is thrown, and the snails are fattened and sold in the spring. In Switzerland quantities of snails are raised and sold by the monks.

About Animals.

The toad captures insects by darting out its tongue so rapidly that the eye cannot follow the motion. The tip is covered with a glutinous secretion, to which a fly or other small insect adheres.

The land tortoises of many countries bury themselves in the mud at the bottoms of streams and marshes on the approach of winter, and also, it is said, at the coming of a protracted drouth.

The hedgehog, badger, squirrel and some kinds of mice lay up a regular store of provisions for the winter. It is said that they eat only during mild weather, and in extreme cold remain torpid.

Animals that live in cold countries have a warm matting of wool or fine fur underneath their hairy coats, so that they are almost perfectly protected from the cold. This wool usually falls off in summer.

The whiskers of a cat are supposed by naturalists to be provided with nerves down to the tip, while others believe that the base of the hair is better fitted out with nerves than most other parts of the skin.

Animals' Make-Believe.

Animals have a keen sense of "making-believe," which is the essence of play. A child's first game is bo-peep—a make-believe. When a couple of dogs have a jolly tussle, they make-believe to engage in deadly combat.

A strking instance of this occurred to me some years back. I gave a dead mouse to a kitten. It was the first time she had seen one, and she sniffed at it inquisitively before deciding to toss it about.

A pair of slippers lay on the floor. She dropped the mouse into one of them, and immediately proceeded to look for it most zealously in the other slipper, till I took up the first, which contained her booty; then she showed it was no real lack of memory that had sent her on the bootless search.

Spelling Kitten.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell,
"K-double i-t-
T-e-n,', said she,
And thought she had done very well;
"Has kitten two i's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was bent,
"My kitten has two,"
Said Majory Lou,
And she looked as she felt—quite content.

Her New Year's Resolution.

Mamma (New Years' Day)—Have you made any good resolutions?

Little Daughter—Yes'm, one.

"I am glad of that. What is it?"

"I has resoluted that if ever I grow up and has a little girl, I'll buy her a doll that will sit down better than mine does.

An Obedient Child.

Mother—My goodness! Are you at that candy again? I told you not to eat candy on an empty stomach."

Little Pet—I isn't. My 'tummick is full.

"What of?"

"Tandy."

No Style There.

Little Miss Brikrow—We're livin' in a very stylish and exclusive boarding-house.

Little Miss Backcourt—Huh! You can't make anybody believe that.

"Why not?"

"You're too fat."

* * *

An excellent gas has been made from resin.

WHERE IS SHE?

Frisky as a lambkin,
Busy as a bee,
That's the kind of little girl
People like to see.

Modest as a violet,
As a rosebud sweet,
That's the kind of little girl
People like to meet.

Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That's the kind of little girl
Everyone will love.

Forgave Them.

A little boy had been extremely naughty at dinner, and had been sent away from the table just as his favorite dish, cabinet pudding with sweet sauce—was being served. About 9 o'clock that evening, when the other children had gone to bed and his parents were alone in the sitting-room, a tearful little face and a white-robed figure appeared at the door.

"Mamma," it bravely said between sobs, "you told me never to go to sleep when any thing wrong had been done until it was all put right, so I came down to tell you that—that—I—forgive you and papa for what you did to me at the dinner table."

Means to an End.

Little Sister—This book says the old monks used to wear hair shirts. I wonder what that was for?

Little Brother—Guess that was so they wouldn't go to sleep in church.

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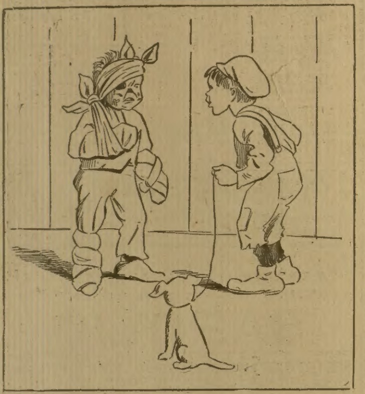

Tommy--Did yer have a good time at de picnic, Johnnie?

Johnnie--Don't yer see I did?

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